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Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 330, giving old and new address.

Joy Conquereth Sorrow.

Faith in the ultimate decency of things; the sort of faith that assures at all times and in all circumstances that the world is a fine battlefield in which to test our strength, and that at the end we shall find God good, is a very present help when sorrows come to us and things look dreary and in a measure, hopeless.

It is not difficult to have this sort of faith when things are well with us; while the skies are arching blue above us and the heavens are clear; when the eyes of those who love us look tenderly and with sympathy upon us, but it is at such times that we need to arm ourselves against adversities or sorrows that are to come. To live blindly, learning not from the experiences of others, is the height of folly. That sorrow is to be our portion in the days to come is as certain as that we are alive, and the time will come to all of us when Mrs. Browning's cry "Be pitiful, O God!" will be wrung from most human hearts:

"There is no God!" the foolish said,
But none "There is no sorrow."
And nature of the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By sunrise graves are raised,
And live say "God be pitiful!"
Who never said "God be pitiful!"
Be pitiful, O God!"

It is when sorrow comes to a man that, however proud he may be, he comes to realize that in this world no man is self-sufficient unto himself. When Joy abideth with us and the world is fair, most of us are apt to pride ourselves on the happiness and the joy we have won; attributing it all to our own perspicacity and smartness. Few of us, though, are willing to bear the burden of our own sorrows. Few of us can say, with von Humboldt: "I look for neither help nor consolation, for the grief which seeks these is not the highest, and does not come from the depths of the heart." By far the most of us do feel the need of help and consolation; we look for it from our friends, our neighbors, those who love us—and finding in all these scarce enough promise of joy to conquer the sorrow that assails, inevitably we turn to God.

But sorrow is by no means an unmixed evil. It has its distinct uses in the world and in the scheme of human life. As Dr. Johnson said: "There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is in it something so like virtue that he who is without it cannot be loved nor thought worthy of esteem." It is along the road of sorrow that we must all travel to the haven where sorrow is no more:

"The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever reached that blissful shore
Who found not thorns and briers in his road."

And sorrow teaches us to walk the road with courage, with a brave heart, a hopeful spirit, a clear outlook. We can learn from Tennyson not to let our sorrows act as a clog to our endeavors, but as he says in "The Silent Voices":

"When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not to open back,
Silent voices of the dead
Toward the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me
On and on and on!"

It is true that if we give way to sorrow we shall find our journey toilsome and weary. We can remember, if we choose, that—

"Never morning comes
To evening but some heart did break."

But why should we dwell on such a thought? It is far better to know that—

"... 'tis the truth the poet says,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

So, faith shall arm us, if we will, against all cowardly fear of our sorrows. It shall teach us not to glory altogether in such strength as we possess, but to remember always that what we have, what we have enjoyed, and what is yet to come must depend on things outside of ourselves. Faith in the better things and better days to come shall teach us that sorrow is a great idealizer; that if we use it rightly it may become a wonderful benefactor—a trial from heaven

that sweetens daily life, and that makes us tender only to make us strong:

"Since God the maker drew
A mystic operation 'twixt those twin,
The life beyond us and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect we are called into
By grief we are fools to use."

"Be still and strong.
O man, my brother! Hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong!
That so, as life's appointment issues,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation—lights of death."

Naval Academy Traditions.

The newspapers have had some interesting comments to make in connection with the tragic affair at the Naval Academy involving the mysterious drowning of a young woman, a member of the family of the superintendent of that institution, and two midshipmen. The circumstances of the disaster were such as to arouse many expressions of sympathy. This is easier to understand than some of the other comments which have been prompted by the calamity.

Much has been made, for instance, of the fact that the midshipmen must have lost their lives in an attempt to rescue their companion. This is presented as loyalty to the "traditions" of the Naval Academy, as if it were a heroic virtue in the special characteristic of midshipmen.

There is no question of the gallantry of the young men; but it is entirely fair to create the impression that this self-sacrifice—if it were such—had any relation to the training given at Annapolis or the attributes of the midshipmen as distinguished from those who are not of that corps? It would be a pretty poor specimen of man who did not make an effort to save another person, man or woman, from drowning. It would be the occasion of comment if these midshipmen had not done their best. It is proper to celebrate their deed, even when it must be entirely assumed, as is necessary from the absence of any information concerning the cause and circumstances of the drowning. But it is not entirely necessary to make it appear that these midshipmen have done something which those who are not midshipmen would fail to do under similar circumstances.

The traditions of the Naval Academy are entitled to public respect, but it is not a tradition of that institution in the sense that it is an exclusive possession, when it comes to saving human lives. The gallantry of the midshipmen who were drowned and the innumerable instances of the discharge of duty in the face of known peril, to the credit of the Naval Academy personnel, make it unnecessary to add anything merely spectacular to this latest tragedy. The traditions of the Naval Academy and of the navy itself require no such exploitation.

Good Riddance to Bad Rubbish.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent English physician, says the idea that colds are caught because of exposure to draughts is absurd; that no cold ever came of a draught alone, and that no cold possibly can, in the physiological nature of things, so come.

In the name of humanity, we thank Sir Frederick, and we hope he is telling the exact and precise truth. The notion that draughts breed colds is so ancient that its primary promulgation is not, perhaps, to be fixed in point of time. No "oldest inhabitant" remembers, or will claim to remember, a day when that dogma prevailed not. A draught on the back of the neck was the positive signal for a sneeze in the days of Aesculaphus, and not since his honorable time has any medical man disputed it, save and excepting Sir Frederick Treves.

From how many useless frets and worries will it free us if Sir Frederick's conclusions prove well founded? There is nothing unpleasant per se in the average draught; indeed, it is to be rated rather enjoyable than otherwise. For that very reason, of course, man generally has suspected it of hostile intentions. To be told that it is harmless, and to be able to believe it—really, the prospect is most alluring and enticing!

We should like to class the draught as a cold producer along with the humble grapeseed as an appendicitis agent, and hot biscuits—lately exploded by the Agricultural Department—as indigestion producers. The deterrizing of the grapeseed has added millions of hours of ease to human life; and the debugaboing of hot biscuits has made the dinner hour a sweeter thing, albeit it may have played its part in shoving up the cost of living. To add to these two happiness reforms, the cold-draught would be a precious thing truly!

Let us be firm in the faith that Sir Frederick is correct, however much our stout hearts may incline to misgive us as we try out his theory. Let us re-enforce the benign philosophy of the physician with the massed aggressiveness of the lay will power set going at maximum velocity. We thus may gain a famous victory, and one long day coming, if we resolve hard enough that it must be so!

It has been suggested that muskrat might be more readily accepted as an article of food if its name were changed to "muskrat beaver." But why not change the "muskrat" end of the name, too—to something like "yang yang" or "frang-pant," say?

The merry Taft-Roosevelt war proceeds. A little while ago it was, "Roosevelt will repudiate Taft;" now it is merely, "Roosevelt has not promised not to repudiate Taft!"

If your pastor this morning should take his text from Eccl. ix. 11, do not jump to the conclusion that he is going to discuss the big event at Reno tomorrow. You may be disappointed.

Mr. Bryan says he is unable, at this time, to suggest "the winning issue for 1912." Certainly not Mr. Bryan's specialty is suggesting losing issues.

Margaret Illington now denies that she ever said she wished to darn socks. Immaterial! The fair Margaret is possessed of woman's inalienable right to change her mind, whether she said it or not.

ishing that such a party should have remained in power so long and so triumphantly.

The Congressional Record is still being issued regularly, which surely does seem like rubbing it in!

Mr. Roosevelt's familiar "Cabot" is enough to make Mr. Butler Ames tremble in his Lowellian boots.

Pity the poor government clerk, torn between conflicting emotions to-morrow—whether to go fishing or to stay at home and read the pugilistic returns!

"The only perfectly germless steak is the steak fried to a charcoal crisp," says a scientist. Some may doubt the accuracy of the statement, but nobody will be surprised that it has been offered.

"Does Atlanta know grand opera when she hears it?" inquires the Richmond News Leader. But that is not the point. It is! Atlanta knows how to dress for it, all right!

"Everybody who loves Mr. Roosevelt should give him a rest," says the Dayton News. But would Mr. Roosevelt stand for it?

A Sunday thought: Whether "Jeff" gets back to perfect form or not, Satan never has.

Henry Thurston Peck has been requested to resign the "professorship" of Latin in Columbia. The professor's disqualification, it seems, dwells within his knowledge of the languages of love and flowers.

The first man not to read the news from Reno will be Gov. Gillett, of California, of course.

We read that the colonel recently "chopped down a few trees," and that he intends "sawing wood" for a while. Surely a Sherlock Holmes may rationally conclude from these apparently unimportant trifles that the colonel is going to work on somebody's political fences.

The climatic difference between San Francisco and Reno may as well prepare right now to shoulder the responsibility for the defeat of the one or the other, as the case may be.

"Where is the safest place to ride in a street car?" inquires a correspondent of the Los Angeles Express. Whenever may be the safest place, hanging to a strap is the most likely place.

Neither, apparently, will Dr. Cook come back.

"Let the building of battle ships proceed," says the Mobile Register. And it will proceed, regardless, we fear.

"Little Joe" Brown was getting along famously up to the time he dropped into near-poetry.

Mr. Roosevelt's evident ability to keep out of things already has suggested to good Dr. Abbott, perhaps, the advisability of turning the Outlook into a daily with ample facilities for occasional extra editions.

"If America had a poet laureate," begins the Louisville Courier-Journal. Why, with the high cost of living and the thermometer untempered in the shade, should the Courier-Journal start that?

Microbes in kisses? Sure; that's where the bliss is!

"T. R.'s followers may force him into politics," reads a headline. "And the night shall be filled with music, and the cares that infest the day," &c.

A newspaper man of our acquaintance is going to Tennessee for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the political situation in that State. After he has satisfied himself, however, we doubt that he will be able to satisfy the people of Tennessee.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

No Worry in Mexico.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
One problem the Mexicans are forever asked—what to do with their ex-presidents.

An Undesirable Citizen.
From the Charleston News and Courier.
Massachusetts is going to reject Louis. The people there are too shrewd to keep him at home.

Expensive Literature.
From the Charleston News and Courier.
Apparently 15,000,000 words were spoken during the last session of Congress. They cost about \$5 each.

Diogenes' Labors Ended.
From the New Orleans Times-Delta.
By promptly returning a borrowed umbrella, Mayor Gaynor has just given his fellow-New Yorkers another shock.

In re Butler Ames.
From the Springfield Union.
There are some who think Butler Ames ought to have been a waiter, that he should be content to remain as a servant in the House.

The Acid Test.
From the Chicago Journal.
President Taft should not take newspaper criticism so greatly to heart. We merely wish to discover if his smile really would come off.

Dr. Wiley Makes Friends.
From the Baltimore American.
Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, has come out in defense of the kids. And if it is true that kissing goes for him, Dr. Wiley will never want for a kiss, even by all these outside the scientific pale who still believe that the sweetest thing in life is love's young dream.

Rather Confusing.
From Puck.
Foreigner—I suppose that pompous looking fellow over there who acts as if he owned the earth is one of the rulers of the people?

America—Oh, no. The ruler of the people is that insignificant looking fellow over there all by himself. The pompous fellow is supposed to be one of the servants of the people.

THE GOOD KEEP STILL.
Your life is a record that speaks for itself.
You need not go bragging about it;
Your work will all show like the books on a shelf.
If you're nobody, nobody will doubt it.
Because you don't brag about it, you have no sign.
That you have a virtue that may not be mine,
Men will take it for granted, you don't make her shine.
You need not go bragging about it.

To pay all your bills is a thing you should do.
You need not go bragging about it;
If your credit is good it will tell for you.
And nobody ever will doubt it.
You've taken a job for a great length of time,
And handled big sums without stealing a dime,
Men will take it for granted you don't stoop to crime,
You need not go bragging about it.

Because you are square and as good as your word,
You need not go bragging about it;
If you're a virtue, it will tell for you,
For nobody ever will doubt it.
You've done all of your deeds with pride and pride,
And honor, if it's worth, will join with your name;
Because you've done nothing to wrap you in shame,
You need not go bragging about it.

It's nothing unusual here to be good.
You need not go bragging about it;
If you're on the level, that fact's understood,
And nobody ever will doubt it.
Just think of the millions who're good to their wives,
Whose ankles and wrists have never known graves,
Who live honest, decent, and sane Christian lives,
Yet never go bragging about it.

—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AS TO THE FOURTH.
One sort of joke might linger
O'er tales of wounded dingers
He jests of damaged fingers
And mangled ears.

I do not like such gory
And gawgaw jests as these,
I care to tell no story
Of injured knees.

I hope that George and Gerald
Can have a lot of fun,
And that I'll have to herald
No damage done.

The Facts.
"I understand you spent your vacation away from civilization."
"Well, they did gossip some at the hotel, but it wasn't as bad as that."

Probably Not.
"Dukes are plentiful abroad, I s'pose?"
"Yes, and very democratic. I've seen a duke get on a street car."

Nothing Doing.
"Noble red man heap big hunter, eh? Be guide for paleface?"
"Not if I have to talk that kind of dialect," answered the noble red man with disdain.

Never Can Tell.
On being asked to save this time we are bent.
But still, we'd better save a dime for liniment.

Flying High.
"One of my ancestors came over on the Mayflower."
"All very well, but our whole family is going to Europe this summer."

His Method.
"Why do you always jam a thermometer into the patient's mouth? Is the temperature so important?"
"It saves me a lot of trouble," explained the doctor briefly.

The Reverse Proposition.
"I hear she gets large allometry."
"Yes; she divorced remarkably well."

LANGUAGE OF LABELS.

Position of Pastors on Tourists.
Complete Guide to Tourists.
From the St. Louis Republic.

A retail clothing altruist has sought to make the world his debtor by pasting in his window, in Lower Broadway, New York, a typewritten exposition, or sort of "European traveler's guide," in which he entitles "The Language of Labels," and which, he says, is a complete guide to the manner in which continental hotel porters affix a tourist's character to his luggage.

In a preamble the herald of tidings announces that the significance of labels attached by the Swiss servitors to the baggage of the traveler is rarely understood by the latter, but that he (the writer) has made many trips abroad; has tested the foreign label language and can vouch for its veracity.

1. A label pasted squarely in the middle of a top cover of a trunk or suitcase: This man has the first dollar he ever made sewn to the lining of his waistcoat.

2. Label on the cover at right angles to the long side of the parallelogram: This man is a miser, and is short in his temple and knows his rights.

3. Label on diagonally across the cover: Be scornful and this bourgeoisie will never mind the pain.

4. Label on back of suitcase or trunk: Lose this man's baggage if possible; he deserves it or worse.

5. A series of labels all around the edges: A sailor; inherited his money; but don't be a fool because he's rich.

6. Label with corner torn off, on woman's baggage: Tell of sufferings of your wife and six children; if properly approached she may pay your passage to Europe.

7. Label torn in half before being affixed: Signifies what ought to be done to this person; last time tip was suggested he replied by offering his right eye.

"Bleached Flour."
From the New York Press.
Of course, poor, silly, half-bred, newly rich cattle will have their flour and bread as white as snow, as they think white as a sign of purity, whereas perfect whiteness of flour is a lie. No pure flour is pure white. Only bleached flour is snow white. All pure white flour has a natural yellow color. By blessed good luck it is easy for anybody with good luck in a second time to tell whether any flour is pure white or not. One ounce of flour shaken in two ounces of Uncle John D.'s gasoline is the right test.

Bleaching flour knocks the stuffing out of what grows hair like that of the mighty Achilles on the man's breast. Bleaching puts a crimp in the protein in biscuit and battercakes. Protein means the albumen or "beef" that all wheat carries. If people do it properly, their brains they are more helpless and contemptible than vermin, for even the very rats and midges mice—yes, even the rats—beastie weevils, always tell bleached flour for "whenever there is a chance, they take the other."

Too Much Perfection.
From the New York World.
In Kentucky, opposite Evansville, Ind., a Golden Rule town is being built. There are to be no saloons, no public officials, no graft, no monopolies.

There is an idyllic group of islands in the Straits archipelago. No drunkenness is known there, no crime, no policeman, no jail. Money is a forbidden pleasure, all trade being by barter. We do not learn of a concerted rust of dreamers to Coos-Keeling.

In Orsa, Sweden, there are no taxes. In Brook, Holland, there is no dirt. In Denmark, there are thirteen chorals societies to 15,000 people. The immigration to these places is negligible.

Man dreams of perfection and the absolute satisfaction of desire. Yet he is born contrary. He will not have the supreme good thrust upon him. For that which he shall possess he will struggle. So long as the model town on the Ohio remains that way it will be the most tempting place in the United States to keep away from.

The Three Were Not Missed.
From the Kansas City Journal.
It is told that a certain lady of a Western Kansas town desired to show kindness to the captain of the local State militia company and wrote the following invitation: "Mrs. — requests the pleasure of Capt. —'s company at a reception on Friday evening."

A prompt reply came: "With the exception of three men who are sick with measles, Capt. —'s company accepts your kind invitation and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."

Significant Names.
Such names as Asbury Spicer, of Breckinridge County, Ky., says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, "would fit into a Bret Harte, Mark Twain, or O. Henry story." There are plenty more at home like them. In the bright (red) annals of Breckinridge many are revealed. Who will take it to recognize as a man especially skilled in the use of cutlery, Mr. "Bloodvessel" Wilson, if introduced to him at camp meeting?

DAILY BOOK REVIEW
THE WILD OLIVE.

The anonymous author of "The Wild Olive" has known how to reach a sentiment that lies very deep. It is the sense of oneness with society which is the unconscious mainstay of self-respect in the average human being. Through an ingeniously imagined but entirely natural plot, this motive is made to coalesce with the interest of an unusually strong and appealing love story. The hero, Norrie Ford, is in worse case than the "man without a country;" he is deprived from the right to be himself, because, after being sentenced to death for a murder which he did not commit, he has fled from the law. The scene opens in the Adirondack wilderness. Norrie Ford has broken prison, and is running through the woods at night. By chance he comes to the house of the judge who had condemned him, though he believes him innocent. The meeting between them dramatically states the problem—on one side the man representative of society who has done his official duty in sentencing an innocent man; on the other the supposed criminal, outraged and rebellious. As they are parleying Ford sees outside a girl's form beckoning to him, and he follows. The girl is Miriam Strange, the judge's ward. There is a strain upon her birth, and she knows how to sympathize with the outcasts. She shelters him in a little shack which she has built, and, until the pursuit has died down, she furnishes him with money to go to South America. Gratefully he tells her that his life is at her service. Ford takes from Miriam the name of the judge who had condemned him; he is virtually transformed into another being.

The new man is much stronger and more capable than Norrie Ford, but there is a basic flaw in him; he believes that, as society has cast him out, it can no longer hold him to its strictest rules; he feels that he has a right to take what has been denied him. In time he wins success, and, through the aid of his employer, is brought into contact with his own class. But he cannot escape the consequences of his false position. He falls in love with his employer's niece, Evie Colfax, wholly without her consent, and through her beauty and superficial charm. The bitter conflict for him is whether he has a moral right to marry her. It is made harder by his discovery that Evie is the daughter of the judge who condemned him. Nevertheless, he wins her consent to marry him, and her uncle, who is also her guardian, gives a qualified approval to the match. Then Strange is sent to New York on important business, and here he meets Miriam again. With all her might she tries to prevent the marriage with Evie, which, in the long run, can only result in unhappiness. At last she reluctantly reminds him of his promise to her long ago. The effect upon him is greater than she expects or can endure, leaving him as she says, "a wreck." He declares that he will reveal himself as Norrie Ford, and take his chance with the law. Very finely it is shown how the woman's creative influence, which made him Herbert Strange, transformed him back into his true self. Almost against her will she has roused the deepest impulse of his manhood, and she is able to do just that which she has been absolutely true to her nature. The situation is one of the most original that any writer has conceived, yet it is wholly human and convincing. Through the love story attains a deeper meaning. It is pleasant to find that the ending is as logical as anything in the story.

"The Wild Olive" is a novel as much out of the ordinary as "The Inner Shrine," and its success seems sure to be great. The book is illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Really Shocking.

From the New York Mail.
Her hat was a little askew, but she was well and quietly dressed, but she attracted attention was that this woman was securing a light for her cigarette from the pipe of a bootblack at his stand outside a saloon. Then she walked off, putting the pay-cock in her pocket. This shocking spectacle occurred last night at Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The observer at the office window has seen American country women smoking a pipe over the mantel or the kitchen stove. He has seen Russian women smoking long cigarettes in the parks of St. Petersburg and Moscow, while they walked with men who did not smoke. He has seen a red-headed Briton woman smoking a fat cigar on Piccadilly. But never before has he seen a woman smoking on the street in this country.

Not in the Least.

From the Dallas News.
Just because a woman is stringy is no sign, of course, that she is wrapped up in herself.

A Triumphant Combination.

From the New York Sun.
A pushcart peddler called Jerry Cippolario, a familiar figure in Upper Fifth Avenue, was arrested on Saturday night by an inspector of the bureau of weights and measures, who found that one of Jerry's scales marked just one and one-half pounds short. On arriving before Magistrate Corrigan the prisoner found no difficulty in giving \$100 bail, since it was stated that he is worth \$75.00.

Need of Velvet.

From the Cleveland Leader.
Employe—Sir, I'd like a raise. I've just been married, and—
Employer—So you want more money for your wife?
Employe—No, sir; I want it for myself. She knows just what I'm getting now, you see.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

The Battle of Gettysburg—July 3.

To-day forty-seven years ago, July 3, 1863, terminated the battle of Gettysburg, which for three days had waged with tremendous fury in and about the little Pennsylvania town. On the forenoon of July 1 President Lincoln telegraphed as follows: "The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to 10 p. m. of the 3d, is such as to cover that army with the highest honor, and that the confidence of all for the many gallant fallen, and that for this he especially desires that on this day, he, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and revered with profoundest gratitude."

The battle of Gettysburg is recognized as the turning point of the civil war. It was one of the most terrific ever fought. The Northern army had considerable advantage over the Southern army in that it was fighting on "home grounds," and the Federal force considerably outnumbered the Confederates. The extent of this blood conflict is best told by the figures. During the three days' battle the Federal army lost 3,072 killed, 14,487 wounded, and 5,434 captured or missing; the Confederate army, according to official reports, lost 2,324 killed, 12,709 wounded, and 5,139 captured or missing.

When Lee and his powerful army entered Pennsylvania toward the end of June, the North was thrown into great consternation. Gen. Meade had but recently been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. The opposing forces met for the first time on Pennsylvania soil on July 1. On this first day of the fight Gen. Reynolds, who led the advance corps of the Union army, was killed. The first day of the fight may be said to have been won by the Confederates. The Federal army having retreated to Cemetery Hill, the morning of the second day's battle found the two armies concentrating on the two ridges, which were to be that day's line of battle. Early on the morning of the second day began the great artillery conflict. There was little infantry fighting on this day. The cannonade was fierce and incessant. Both sides fought with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On the third and final day Gen. Lee moved his force out of the town of Gettysburg, thereby hoping to entice the Union army into the valley, but this had no effect. Finally the Confederates decided upon a charge on Cemetery Hill. The Federal troops lay still and did not return the fire until the Confederate army was almost within reach. When they came within musket range the Federal army opened fire. It was not long before the battle was a hand-to-hand conflict. Every man fought for himself. Several attempts were made to take the hill, but without success, and it was finally determined to abandon the project.

It was now Gen. Meade's turn to make an attack. He placed his troops in order and charged down the hill and into the town. The Confederate army had met with such terrible reverses, after three days' fighting against fearful odds, that the army was tired out, and seeing that a further invasion of Pennsylvania was useless under the circumstances, Lee began his retreat toward the Potomac under cover of the darkness and a heavy rain. Lee crossed the Potomac on the night of the 13th, without having been attacked by the pursuing Federal army. It was a crushing defeat that the Southern army had sustained, but it was not a rout. There were many instances of instances of bravery on both sides in the conflict.

A Northern historian thus pays tribute to the valor of the Confederates: "The brave and the brave in the Confederate ranks fought is illustrated by the fact that every brigadier in Pickett's division was killed or wounded; out of twenty-four regimental officers, only two escaped; the colonels of five Virginia regiments were killed; the Ninth Virginia went in the fight with 500 men and came out with only thirty-eight."

On July 3 the dog days begin, and end on August 1. It is the date of the massacre of Wyoming in 1879, on which Washington finally took command of the army at Champlain in 1775; on which Lake Champlain was discovered by Champlain in 1693, on which the branch mine of the United States was established in San Francisco in 1852; the battle of Sadovna was fought in 1856, and the Spanish fleet under Cervera was destroyed in 1898. It is the birthday of Samuel Huntington, the entire Connecticut (1731); John Singleton Copley, the first native American artist (1770); of Louis C. Smith, the inventor (1833).

TOM WATSON.

An Intimate View of Georgia's Most Interesting Personality.

Julius Harris, in Uncle Remus Magazine. Watson is in many respects somewhat akin to Roosevelt, in manner of political conduct, but the keen and able Thompson-Georgian has not the steadiness of purpose of the Roosevelt-Georgian. Watson is the South's nearest approach to a statesman, and he may yet earn the mantle and honor. To do this, he has much to cast away, remodeling to undergo. Nor does this refer to his big intellect and marvelous knowledge of political and economic history. His vision is still clouded by the miserable treatment accorded him in his last race for Congressional honors in the tenth district. Again, when he has sounded the tocsin of right and found scant followers, the fire of his discontent blazed anew; and he has met frequently with unfair treatment.

All of this instead of spurring him into a bigger viewpoint and breadth of judgment has embittered him, and made him vindictive and forever on the lookout to deliver a sting. In an equal measure his power for permanent good has been swayed; his able writings have been read, not for what they uncover or teach, but for their wealth of vitriolic utterance, abusive adjectives, whip